

.....now who knows if these will happen. number three is bound to happen in the next couple of months. broken hearts always come my way, even when i'm not looking. other than that i think i will have a good year. or at least i'm not going to let myself have a bad year. this year will be splendid year.

so its january and finally nineteen ninety eight. so what does that actually mean? another year full of hopes and dreams and promises to myself.....

- 1)to read at least 3 books a month.
- 2)sing more because my voice kicks ass when i'm not shy.
- 3)no broken hearts allowed.
- 4)write in my journal everyday.
- 5)write three more zines.
- 6)try to figure out my mental health and try to take better care of myself.

january i can't remember the fucking date monday nineteen ninety eight.

i'm telling you all of this because someone else needs to know how much i have gone through. because this is me finally being strong and able to talk about the last six years. i am no longer silent. this is my voice finally reaching out.



distracted by
the stars
number two and a half



i wish someone would just scream at me like that. i yell at myself enough but i get over it. within a day and feel guilty the next. this guilt is just embedded in me.

ITS NOT YOUR FAULT
ERIC RAPED YOU
REBECCA, GET THAT
THROUGH YOUR FUCKIN
HEAD.

but i never listen.
i will just sit here quietly and beat myself up.
nothing new.

so this is me and carissa kissing. carissa's trying to hide it but now the whole world (ya right) will see us kissing in my zine.



hee... hee... hee.



some words make me run
(in fear) for
some junk (supercrunch)

rebecca ann February 98